



ON THE
N A T U R E
O F

The most Ingenious A R T S, &c.

A P O E M.



[Price One-Shilling.]

14
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ON THE
N A T U R E
O F

The most INGENIOUS ARTS,

A N D

The BENEFITS of INDULGENCE to the
most CURIOUS THINGS.

A P O E M.

*Adde, quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes,
Emollet Mores, nec sinet feros.*

OVID.



L O N D O N :

Printed for C. CORBETT, opposite St. DUN-
STAN'S-CHURCH in FLEET-STREET.

ON THE
N A T U R E

OF THE
THE MOST EXCELLENT ARTS

AND

THE BENEFITS OF INSTRUCTION TO THE

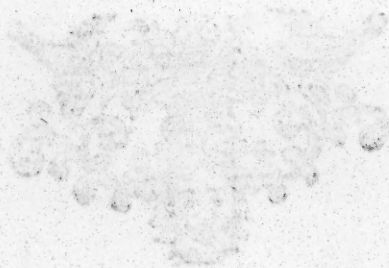
YOUTH OF GREAT BRITAIN

A P O E M

By JOHN GAY, ESQ.

Author of the Fables, &c.

OF



L O N D O N

Printed by C. CORRIE, opposite St. Dun-
stons Church in Fleet-Street.



30-7-85.



To the AUTHOR.

WHILE Poetafters rant in blund'ring
Rhimes,

Rudelike their Minds, and ruffled like the Times;

Or in a meanless Mould their Verses cast,

Light as a Vapour! empty as a Blast!

In thine the Muses, and the Graces meet,

To make thy Composition, soft and sweet:

*While Nature's Charms thy curious Pen
displays,*

You both Delight, and Admiration raise;

So well you Paint, who' would not wish to be

In all those Parts, those Rarities to see?

In ev'ry Part, You ravish and surprize,

And all around lo? Paradises 'rise!

Thy Diction charms at once, the Mind and Ear,

And all thy Notions are sublime and clear;

So just thy Meaning, that the Soul it strikes,

And Judgment must confirm, what Fancy likes.



ON THE
NATURE, &c.

Auspicious Muse! to Me thy Aid dispense,
To sing of Nature's free Benevolence;
On various Lands, and various Things
display'd:
Be frank, like her Benevolence — thy Aid:

As Man, at first — by his Inferiors taught,
Excell'd — and was, by their Examples, brought
T'improve Life's graceful Benefits — as He
Became industrious from the toiling Bee,
And frugal from the Ant — as Birds instill'd
The curious and commodious Art to build,
And Life's Fatigues and Sorrows to controul
By Harmony, that penetrates the Soul;
So — by Examples, brought from various Parts
Of various Things — to cherish human Arts,

B

Oh

Oh Muse! reveal the beneficial Cause,
 And open Nature, in her Ways or Laws;
 Oh Muse! enable my assiduous Mind,
 That I if happily the Means may find,
 To soften, and to polish Humankind. }

For Store of Riches, and Increase of Power,
 Mankind Each Other savagely devour;
 Yet for the chief Embellishments of Life,
 Shew small Concernment, have but little Strife:
 Why droop and languish most ingenious Arts?
 Is it thro' Want of due Regard, — or Parts?
 Here Arts most curious droop, and dying seem,
 Yet, less thro' Want of Genius than Esteem.
 Of This, in Fact, some Instances to name —
 To their Misfortune, and their Country's Shame,
 BUTLER and OTWAY gave but sad Accounts,
 How high our Art's Encouragement amounts;
 This DRYDEN found, who shocking Ills endur'd,
 And MILTON, Long, with all his Light, obscur'd.
 In distant Regions, and in distant Days,
 Blest Bards cou'd rise to Favour, Wealth, and Praise;
 VIRGIL and HORACE had indeed Support,
 Cherish'd in CÆSAR's celebrated Court;
 They shin'd, like the Meridian Sun — between
 The Skies and Earth, when fled is ev'ry Screen;

HOMER,

HOMER, with everlasting Fame in View
 Cou'd pass unconquer'd, all Oppression thro';
 Yet, what great HOMER only cou'd annoy,
 Wou'd Thousands of inferior Wits destroy.

In Eastern Realms, where Poesy arose,
 The Pencil now it's living Grace bestows,
 And thrilling Music rich in Raptures grows:
 Poesy, in Resemblance of the Sun,
 From East to West, it's radiant Course has run;
 Of This, the Quintessence of human Arts,
 Painting and Music are constituent Parts;
 For — Poesy, in it's capacious Bounds,
 All curious Science, both contains and crowns!

Tender are curious Arts, which Rigour spoils;
 Like fairest Plants, in fav'ring Climes and Soils,
 They only thrive — and droop, when doom'd to
 find

No friendly Succour, and a Fate unkind;
 The rarest Product, blest ARABIA boasts,
 Wou'd perish soon, on rough or barren Coasts;
 How then can here the gentle Muses bloom,
 When Frosts of Censure budding Hope consume!
 The chearing Sun-shine of Indulgence, here,
 So seldom does, or languidly appear,

Verse may be thought (it's sad Condition known)
In th'Arctick Circle, not the Temp'rate Zone.

The rarest things the most Indulgence need ;
They to complete Maturity proceed
In fav'ring Climes, where Nature's Pow'rs unite
Their Aids, dispensing Profit and Delight.
View ASIA's Realms, there flourishes the Palm,
And there distills the Dew of precious Balm ;
There MYRRHA sheds her aromatic Tears,
There ev'ry salutif'rous Herb appears ;
And there the Tree, compos'd of Spices — treats
The Sight — the Scent far off saluting meets ;
There shines the Sun in the serenest Skies,
The Night looks forth with all its sprinkled Eyes ;
The sweetest ZEPHYRS breathe the purest Air,
And Health expands her golden Pinions there ;
The Winds in constant courses there appear,
Nor, chang'd, invert the Seasons of the Year ;
They whisper soft Refreshment thro' the Glade,
Restrain the Noon-day's Violence — and aid
The gentle Solace of the sylvan Shade ;
There quickens Thought, and Wit can never tire,
Chear'd and indulg'd by it's poetic Sire !
The Graces and the Loves in such a Clime,
With all the Muses, in their joyful Prime,
Once liv'd — and seem'd t'expire in ancient Time.

There

There glide the Seasons on in Order sure,
 Nor rough Irregularities endure;
 Their pleasing Scenes like PARADISE invite,
 Almost in equal Poize are Day and Night,
 And Heav'n and Earth are ravishing to Sight.

Oh, grant Me, Heaven! once more — (e're I decline
 To Death's cold Gloom —) to pass the burning
 Line;

In Quest of Southern Rarities to run,
 And Norward view the Radiance of the Sun;
 Where in one Season only Nature lours,
 And all their Year is retrograde to Ours!
 Doubling the CAPE — then backward take my Way,
 Norward and Eastward — Regions to survey,
 Where TAMERLANE subduing INDIA — Place
 Assum'd — and settled his illustrious Race;
 Where Nature has her various Treasures join'd,
 Where happy Mortals Health and Pleasure find,
 And Delicacies of transcendent Kind.

There flow in Plenty — Honey, Wine and Oil;
 And there the scarcely-cultivated Soil
 Produces Store of odoriferous Flowers,
 Without the Help of artificial Showers;
 Th' indulgent Earth, and ever clement Sky
 All Art's unnecessary Aids supply,

While

While Dews descending, Cherishment afford,
Like Pearls bedeck — and rear the beauteous Hoard.

There num'rous Stores of Rarities invite
The wand'ring Eye — and ev'ry Sense delight;
There Nature's rich, nor does she want Supply,
Her Wildness can with Cultivation vye.

A lofty Mountain in the PERSIAN Lands,
Or in the Limits of ARMENIA stands,
Furnish'd with choicest Fruits on either Side,
EUROPE's are those, and these are ASIA's Pride:
This roving Passengers attest as true,
Pleas'd and astonish'd at a Sight so new!
As Nature there her lib'ral Gifts imparts
To Man — in Man are often lib'ral Arts:
Still the CHINESE their Genius can display,
Tho' subject now to the TARTAREAN Sway;
They hold their Properties of Nature yet,
Nor with their Freedom have they lost their Wit:
There Art's Invention can supremely rise,
Witness the Bridge that emulates the Skies;
This over a capacious Stream prevails,
With Masts erect the Ship beneath it — sails;
Thus — the COLOSSUS of the RHODIANS stood,
Tower'd, and strided o'er the prostrate Flood:

ard. The River GANGES INDIA's Realms divides,
 And Rows of Nations border on its Sides;
 It's Course thro' swarthy Multitudes it bends,
 And, branching, far as TARTARY extends;
 From utmost INDIA, it's Extent extream,
 To this Side GANGES, Muse! direct thy Theme;
 The Country of the great MOGUL declare,
 The Soil before — now sing the People there.

de: INDIANS are not fantastical and vain,
 Their Garbs are decent, and their Manners plain;
 Thro' Centuries the same — and if they find }
 A Man with Virtue, of exalted Kind, }
 They long — preserve his Dignity in Mind: }
 The bigbone'd King, whom ALEXANDER quell'd,
 Whose Size the GRECIANS all amaz'd beheld,
 And whom authentic History renown's,
 Has left his Name to many INDIAN Towns,
 With Gratitude, they in Remembrance bear
 His gallant Deeds, and patronizing Care:
 By Trade with INDIANS much our Stores increase,
 They seek, thro' War, the Benefits of Peace;
 Their Discipline is not so strict and just,
 As ours — yet (with Fidelity to Trust) }
 Their War they more like ancient Heroes wage,
 And, Hand to Hand, they dext'rously engage;
 High-mounted, some on Elephants proceed,
 Their Spears and Arrows form'd of Bamboe Reed,
 Their

Their Elephants tough Hides their Shields compose,
 Their Bufflers Horns united form their Bows;
 The Neck, Head, Breast, or Arms they strive to
 wound;

Those Parts disdaining, nearer to the Ground;
 Among them all — who Glory most pursue,
 Are RAJA-POOTS, an honourable Crew!

Glorious the Time, when martial Chiefs could wield
 The Falchion — grasp the pointed Spear and
 Shield;

Or draw with nervous Arms the twanging Bow,
 And send the whist'ling Arrow to the Foe;
 Then Strength and Resolution seldom fail'd,
 Nor ill-invented Engines then prevail'd;

True Valour then was dignify'd — until
 The Monk invented, in his lonesome Cell,
 The Grain, pernicious as the Fire of H—ll!

Now Worth in Arms is sham'd — the very Boy
 May triumph now — the Coward can annoy
 The Valiant--& the Weak the Mighty can destroy!

Who has not heard of golden-mine'd ACHEM?

Where female Beauty wears the Diadem!

No Male in regal State is ever seen

On this rich Isle — but a successive Queen:

Hence

Hence SHEBA's Dame (as some recorded hold)
 To SOLOMON repair'd in Days of Old,
 By Wisdom's Grace, to sanctify her Gold.

In th' East Heav'n show'rs its choice Indulgence
 — there
 Flow in Abundance, Matters rich and rare ;
 There GOLCONDAH its sandy Realms extends,
 Well stor'd with Mines — yet in Subjection bends
 To th' INDIAN CHIEF — Its native Wealth who
 drains,
 From this the richest of his large Domains ;
 A larger Pearl thence formerly he bore,
 Than ever lurkt on any INDIAN Shore ;
 And which ('tis said) is still preserv'd — to grace
 The Crown of TAMERLANE's descendent Race.
 There the delicious Island of CEYLONE
 (Tho' situated in the torrid Zone,
 And near th' Æquator) by the gentle Breeze,
 That still salutes it from the bord'ring Seas,
 Is ever temp'rate, lovely, and serene,
 And grac'd with Spices, and a verdant Scene ;

There, on a Tree, replete with Sap -- and lay'd
 Beneath the spreading Leaf's protecting Shade,
 In bulky Clusters the BONANA grows,
 No Rival this in melting Sweetness knows ;

C

And

And this, the Christian INDIANS still believe
The Fruit in PARADISE that tempted Eve.

In num'rous Places free Indulgence reigns,
Nor Nature her Benevolence restrains
From Man — but, most her Bounties are increast,
In th' utmost Limits of the West and East.

There Incense steams — the male and female Date,
With intermingling Branches, procreate;
There spreads that Tree, whose Boughs, instead
of Fruits,
Produce a bearded Multitude of Roots;
Which, fixing in the Ground, in Boles ascend,
And, like the Parent-tree, their Arms extend;
Whence Roots, producing Trees, proceed again:
Thus, from one Source, a Forest shades the Plain.
See there the lofty COCO-TREE arise,
That every unimagi'd Want supplies;
It's Bounty lo! Meat, Drink, and Raiment brings,
And Sages deem — but needless — other Things:
There swells the luscious Grape, that cheers the
Soul,
And flowing fills the Muse-inspiring Bowl,
By which the POET all Misfortune dares,
And often sings beneath oppressive Cares:

Thence

Thence is produc'd the Sugar, thence the Lime,
 And thence the Composition so sublime,
 That oft' indeed the self-conceited Fool
 Hurries beyond all Decency and Rule,
 Yet oft' unlocks the secret Stores of Sense,
 And is the Key of Truth and Eloquence;
 See th' Orange there, with nect'rous Juice supply'd,
 In Blossom, green, and ripe, at once descry'd;
 Eight Months its Tree yeilds gradually the Store
 Of golden Fruit — is barren only four;
 With genial Sprig, the Pine-apple salutes
 The Sight — and seems the Quintessence of Fruits;
 The Plumb, the Peach, and juicy Pear excell
 In This — in This appear — improv'd — to dwell;
 There the Pomgranet, to the View not much
 Affording, and obdurate to the Touch;
 Yet, break the filmy Toughness of its Skin,
 Its Worth, like purest Wit, is found Within;
 A Nest of juicy Rubies then surprise,
 And pleasingly regale the Taste and Eyes:
 The Pumpilmus on lofty Branches swells,
 And in its bulky Form an Ocean dwells
 Of luscious Moisture, which the Grape excels.

There Cotton grows on lofty Trees--like Night
 The Seed is black, the Pulp like Snow is white;

This spun by Men (For Men are more refin'd
 In Thought — and if to Practices inclin'd
 Of curious Sort — surpass the female Kind) }
 This spun by Men, the purest Linen makes;
 Muslin — and Chint, which various Colours takes;
 So deep the Dye, so lasting is the Stain,
 'Twill 'spite of Wash, and wearing Time, remain:

There grows the Mulb'rry white — as white it
 grew
 Before himself the BABYLONIAN flew;
 Still pure it seems, nor suffers yet the Stain
 Of purple Dye, from Blood of Lovers slain.

The fragrant Cedar there erects it's Head,
 More than a british Oak it's Arms are spread;
 High as the Cloud, it's shooting Top extends,
 It's plunging Root to cent'ral Shades descends:
 The Sandal-Tree, near Topes of Mangoes, there,
 From ev'ry Pore, perfumes the circling Air;
 Grinded to Dust, and mixt with Oil — from Heat
 It guards the Limbs, and renders scented-sweet.

As Nature there yeilds Earth indulgent Grace,
 She frequently indulges human Race:

Some

Some ASIAN Females Nature fram'd with Care,
 As polish'd Iv'ry smooth, as Lillies fair,
 Their Skins — and jetty is their silken Hair;
 Their Eyes like Night, whence starry Lustre breaks,
 And all AURORA blushes in their Cheeks;
 Their Lips appear of Coral's ruddy Hue,
 Or damask Roses seem, bedropt with Dew;
 No Painter's Fancy can a Face pourtray,
 And Form, to seem more elegant than They;
 They seem as western Roses when they blow,
 Mixt with the Berry's Gloom, and Lilly's Snow;
 Their Waistes are slender, and their Stature low:
 Nature's collected Sweetness they procure,
 And hold her copious Grace in Miniature;
 What full Contentment might the Lovers find
 In these — had they Equivalence of Mind?
 What golden Prospects wou'd arise in View,
 As they are loose and false — if they were chaste
 and true?

PANDORA thus, with fatal Graces arm'd,
 Seduc'd Mankind, and to Destruction charm'd!
 More southerly, the swarthy INDIAN Dame,
 Impurer in Complexion, yet may claim,
 For Purity of Form, an equal Fame;
 Those seem like Stars when Heaven is most serene,
 And these like Stars, which Vapours partly screen;

Charms

Charms either irresistible disclose,
 These in their Make, and in their Features those!
 Our Sex they conquer! and their own they foil,
 Unmacht — exclusive of BRITANNIA's Isle.

Like Flowers and Fruits, the Sun's productive
 Rays

Ripen the warbling Bird's melodious Lays;
 And some are found, in rival Notes to sing
 The circling Year — as PHILOMEL in Spring:
 The Miniature of Man — the mimic Ape,
 That all his Gestures, and in Part his Shape
 May boast — in foreign Realms can freely range,
 Rich in the Woods and Wilds, its plentiful Exchange:
 The Castle-bearing Elephant is there,
 And Camel — this, sustain'd with little Fare,
 O'er sandy Deserts, richly laden goes;
 That (when each other charging Hosts oppose) }
 Crushes to Death a Multitude of Foes.

Their Elephant (to which CEYLONIANS say,
 Instinctively all others Homage pay)
 Is white as Blossoms which in April grow,
 As white as streaming Milk, or driven Snow;
 So tractible, so docible a Kind,
 It seems almost to know its Rider's Mind:

Oh!

Oh Muse! to swerve from vulgar Method seem,
 And rove with Freedom in thy copious Theme;
 The Pride of South and North, and East and West,
 Survey'd disclose in gentle Numbers drest;
 And with a seeming Ease and Negligence,
 Continue still to crown thy labour'd Sense:
 Oh! Muse in search of Nature's curious Store,
 Rival the Sun, the rowling Globe explore;
 From Place to Place like rapid Lightning fly,
 For quick is Thought, quick is the mental Eye!
 And yet oh caution thy impetuous Flight,
 Nor rashly venture out of Reach or Sight;
 Think in one Point, Presumption to defeat,
 Like East and West, oft' Sense and Dullness meet.

On Western Lands behold the stately Pine,
 Loaded with Clusters of the curling Vine,
 And luscious Peaches feed luxurious Swine;
 Nature (indulgent to Profusion there)
 Is unassisted ready to prepare
 Her lib'ral Gifts from Earth, and Sea, and Air:
 The num'rous Curiosities to tell,
 Which in the late-found western World excell,
 Were tiresome and almost impossible!

Oh Muse! return, immediately survey
 The Realms of EUROPE, AFRIC, ASIA;

Shcct

Shoot rapid Gulphs, nor dread each rocky Shore,
 Traverse vast Seas, or inland Straits explore;
 Now rushing from the rough Atlantic Main,
 View ASIA Minor, and the Coast of SPAIN,
 The GRECIAN Arches — and ITALIAN shore,
 Where Arts and Arms so flourish heretofore;
 Visit those Realms, by Bards so happy made,
 Where once they plac'd the blest ELYSIAN Shade;
 View Ætna's sulphry Streams, Vesuvius rise,
 And with ejected Flame assail the Skies;
 To TURKISH Powers with strict Attention bend,
 Which in three Portions of the Globe extend;
 The CARTHAGENIAN Regions too survey,
 Which once obstructed ROME's impetuous Sway.

In ASIA Minor ancient TROY was plac'd,
 And there, the Deeds of fam'd ACHILLES grac'd
 The great MEONIAN's yet unrival'd Strain,
 Still fair and fruitful is the Coast of SPAIN;
 And ancient Italy her Thunder hurl'd,
 A while the Grace and Terror of the World!
 In little Asia where th' Elyfian Fields,
 Which ancient Poets feign'd — to TURKEY yeilds
 Of conquer'd Kingdoms now a num'rous Store,
 Their fiery Torrents still the Mountains pour;
 And

And AFRIC's northern Bound, BARBARIA's Coast,
 It's Riches, and it's Rarities may boast:
 With Things like these regale the Sight and
 Mind;
 Improving and Embellishing Mankind!

GREECE, free and fertile once, is destin'd now,
 Like modern Wit, in Servitude to bow;
 The People gracious, as the Climate fair,
 Both once alike distinguishably rare;
 They fought, by Arts and Arms, the Fruit of Fame;
 With Earth and Heav'n indulgent to their Aim.

Indulgent Nature fortifies the Mind
 Of th' Eagle — fiercest of the feather'd Kind,
 That on the Sun unclouded dares to gaze,
 Like Wit on Truth in it's sublimest Ways:
 This gallant Bird was in Resemblance fear'd,
 When ROME her Head o'er yeilding Nations rear'd;
 This Bird's resembles most the POET's Flight,
 In Force impetuous, and amazing Height!

With Eagle-flight, oh rapid Muse! explore
 The torrid Region's rich, and daz'ling Store;
 D Bring

Bring Gold (so valu'd, and so fought!) to Light,
 The precious, noxious Darling place in Sight;
 From instant Views, lodg'd in the fordid Ground,
 Like crumbling Sand, the swarthy Oar is found;
 Yet, often glitters on the rising Hill,
 Or peeps alluring in the chrystal Rill;
 And frequently the swift-descending Rain
 To Light and Air drags up the lurking Grain.

Let's call to Mind, in Times, imagin'd rude,
 The gen'rous Steed, as formerly endu'd,
 When Glory was in Arms more ardently pursu'd.

The Kinds (not quite degen'rate) yet remain,
 Most neatly shape'd in BARBARY and SPAIN;
 Tho' nothern Countries breed the more robustous
 Strain.

Let us as once the Martial-Steed surmise;
 While from his Nostrils Streams of Smoke arise,
 He spurns the prostrate Earth, and seems to climb
 the Skies.

He bears his Rider forward with a Bound,
 With Rage he seems to swallow up the Ground,
 When th' Armies shout, and th' animating Trum-
 pets found.

He

He rushes head-long on the Foe, when near,
 And, in the Fight's Confusion, void of Fear,
 He thunders on the Shield, and snaps the pointed
 Spear.

On lonesome Lands, the lofty Mountains 'round
 Rebell'wing spread the Lion's thund'ring Sound;
 His Voice is dreaded much, his Courage more;
 His Effigy, th'Atlantic Ocean o'er,
 Is now transported to BRITANNIA's Shore;
 The Stems of Ships, and Standards doom'd to grace
 With its Majestic Mien, and awful Face.

And yet this Beast, whose Courage can excell
 Most Kinds — is not so ravenously-fell;
 In Man, thus truest Valour is ally'd
 To Grace — and void of Cruelty and Pride:
 The Lion then (th' imagin'd Lord of all
 The brutal Kinds) his Page the sly Jackall
 Regard — and Nature's Providence commend;
 See all Things answer her appointed End:
 Then in the Bosom of the Deep remark
 The Pilot-fishes, which attend the Shark;
 Both on their Patrons there obsequious wait,
 As Flatt'ers here, for Int'rest — on the Great.

While shady Woods, by Night, Protection yeild,
 Forage by Day the Product of the Field ;
 Beneath the Favour of indulgent Skies,
 Full grown, and grown to a prodigious Size,
 From Mountains Tops descends the tusky Boar,
 (From Tops of Mountains, lately rambled o'er)
 Among a Crowd unwarily he goes,
 A gather'd Number of insidious Foes ;
 At first he trusts the Swiftness of his Feet,
 To save his threaten'd Life — for Life is sweet ;
 But when his Speed exerting to the Height,
 He finds no Safety in ignoble Flight,
 His Courage rouz'd, th' Assailants He confounds,
 And Dogs and Men promiscuously he wounds ;
 He foams, and smites — while from the Maim'd,
 or Slain,
 Full Tides of liquid Purple dye the Plain.

His Life is purchas'd at a Price severe,
 But his rich Flesh (to make the Reck'ning clear) }
 In curious Taste excells a fallow Deer.

There ANTELOPES scour like the rushing
 Wind,
 And leave afar the panting Hounds behind ;

So swift, to trace them almost tires the Sight:
 Behind them lags the missive Arrow's Flight;
 Scarcely the fleetest Eagle can appear
 (Its Prey in View) more rapid in Career:
 The spotted Pard there lurks in Ambuscade,
 By which the fleetest ANTELOPE's betray'd.

The Dromedary there (opprest with Weight
 Pond'rous) — moves slow, in mock-majestic State;
 The little SQUIRREL, fraught with furry Wings,
 From Tree to Tree, like passing Breezes, springs:
 The TIGER there (if safely plac'd) behold,
 In Coat of sable, and of Orient Gold!
 But in this Beast th' Indulgence of the Clime
 Seems less a Grace, or Benefit, than Crime.

There the RHINOCEROS or UNICORN
 (Foe to the bulky ELEPHANT) is born:
 This seems from Weapon's Violation free,
 Arm'd as it is by Nature — CAP-A-PE;
 Beasts, Fruits, and Plants of strange and various
 Kind;
 In distant Regions, distant Rovers find.

Who of the Plant, that's sensitive, has heard?
 Or who has not? wherever it is rear'd;
 Whose

(Whose Coyneſs or whoſe Delicacy's ſuch)
It fades and withers at th'Approacher's Touch,

And who from Reading cannot call to Mind,
That Animal and Vegetable joyn'd?
The Vegetable rooted in the Ground,
The beſtial Part feeds on the Verdure 'round;
Which having quite devour'd, if freſh Supplies
Are found not in its Reach, it ſtarves and dies.

In INDIAN Iſles, near CINDA's Straits we find,
A brutal Creature of exalted Kind,
The neareſt human, both in Shape and Mind;
The Male ('tis ſaid) can draw the twanging Bow,
And ſend the whiſtling Arrow to the Foe;
The gentle Female can be taught to dance,
And Airs to practice — A-la-mode de France.

But while I foreign Rarities purſue,
Fairly to prove — What is t' Indulgence due;
I no fictitious Miracles recite,
As yeilding not true Profit, or Delight.

Witches or Sprites, the ſpacious Globe around,
Are not, but in Imagination — found;
GRIFFINS,

GRIFFINS and DRAGONS are intirely fled,
 MERMAIDS are funk, enormous GYANTS dead;
 Tho' MERMAIDS make their strange Appearance
 still

Ev'n here ('tis thought) in various Woman's Will;
 GRIFFINS or DRAGONS, in the Villain's Mind;
 And GYANTS, in th' Oppressors of Mankind!

Regarding Truth, I must retrench the Store
 Of Things reported late, or heretofore;
 With airy DEMONS no MAGICIANS trade,
 No FAIRIES revel in the sylvan Glade,
 Nor is one Footstep of enchanted Ground,
 Except in notionary Regions, found.

Yet ev'ry where some will to search presume
 Fate's dark Decrees — and read the future Doom,
 Which none can clearly view, from human Sense
 Wisely conceal'd by cautious Providence;
 And some pretend Indifference or Hate
 To quell — and Love, by Potions, to create;
 But Love, no Charm or PHILTER's Power can
 cause,
 Which Nature wrongs, and violates her Laws;
 Love from a single Object must commence,
 It's real or imagin'd Excellence;

From

From pois'nous PHILTERS Lust indeed may rise,
 But Lust no single Object can suffice;
 It ever like a giddy Vapour flies.

War now with CRANES no PIGMY Nations
 wage,
 Nor with their bearded Cavalry engage
 Their winged Foes — while bravely to succeed,
 Each Warrior mounts a GOAT, his martial Steed:
 Such Things as these cou'd Mortal ever view?
 Or be so credulous to think them true?
 But they whom sordid Avarice controuls,
 Tho' vast in Bulk, or Means — have Pigmy Souls:

No BASILISKS, with Venom-darting Eyes,
 In any Region fatally surprize;
 But These to Distance Venom-darting send,
 A perjur'd Mistress! double-dealing Friend!

No PHÆNIX ever blest ARABIA knew,
 But yet (to give this wond'rous Bird its Due)
 A Woman, beautiful and virtuous — She
 May an imaginary PHÆNIX be:
 Nothing is bred in Flame — no living Powers
 Subsist in that which ev'ry thing devours;

The

The SALAMANDER in the torrid Zone
 Tho' born — yet, colder than the Winter's Stone,
 (Fram'd the destructive Element to tame)
 By Touch extinguishes the hissing Flame.

Now, while I Nature's Practices unfold,
 And trace her Footsteps, singularly bold;
 My Thoughts the Prime of Rarities engage,
 Which Human-kind, in ours, and ev'ry Age
 Has still mistaken, or neglected, — This
 Is TRUTH — the solid Source of human Bliss!
 And are the Wise inclinable to know,
 Why this essential Good eludes us so?
 PRIDE is the Cause — for, 'tis not to be taught
 By Information, or the Depth of Thought;
 Or complicated Sciences — by which
 Our Minds, we think, we copiously enrich;
 The Knowledge of it only can commence
 From simple Nature, or from common Sense:
 'Tis doom'd by Fate — that He, and only He
 Shou'd know it, who from Prejudice is free;
 The Gem's conceal'd — while Prejudice, we find,
 Thus ever more, or less, perverts Mankind;
 Yet, this is meant in Things abstracted quite,
 Where sure Experience cannot yeild its Light:

E

TRUTH

TRUTH seems in SPECULATION unreveal'd,
Like Wealth, in Regions, yet unknown —
conceal'd ;

To Most, its worth who wou'd be thought t'explore,
TRUTH is like Gems in the remotest Shore ;
And who wou'd rightly and completely know,
Must over unfrequented Oceans go :

TRUTH like completest Beauty, when undrest,
Is amiable — and naked pleases best ;
Aside when useless Ornament is thrown,
She most must charm, her Charms most fully known ;
With native Grace, she can inflame Desire,
And make the Wise with Constancy admire ;
Tho' with her counterfeited Form we find,
Imposture artificially can blind
The too remiss, or scarce-discerning Mind. S

On various Lands, what various Things we view !
While ev'ry Part produces something new,
New — and unknown in ev'ry Part beside,
Its own distinguish'd and peculiar Pride,
As regulated by unerring Laws !
And this is the nat'ral, or efficient Cause ;
All unimagin'd Beings, I surmise,
From certain Seeds, or Principles arise ;

For,

For, Nature still is constant in her Ways,
 If fails, recovers; soon returns, if strays;
 And whatsoever Obstacles she finds,
 Preserves unchang'd the Purity of Kinds;
 I mention not the Wonders of the NILE,
 Or Operations of its fatten'd Soil,
 What living Creatures, at the Flood's Retreat,
 Are moulded by the Sun's prolific Heat,
 From sterile Matter which th' Obstruction takes,
 And into Life the sleeping Seeds awakes!
 For — all Things rising into Life must breed
 Only from genial Principles, or Seed;
 And Seeds of living Things may lie conceal'd,
 'Till, by fit Ways, to Light and Life reveal'd;
 By means occult insert'd in the Ground,
 Like Grass or Fern in lonesome Places found.

To foreign Regions by my Fate convey'd,
 While over INDIAN Fields I musing stray'd,
 A little Creature I my self once saw,
 As green as Herbage, slender as a Straw;
 And yet in Shape a Satyr, which we're told
 By Bards — inhabited the Woods of Old;
 When my Approach was obvious to its Eyes,
 It fled and hid; and thus I lost the Prize:

Nor — after, cou'd I from EUROPEANS find,
Or native INDIANS there — its Name, or Kind.

Another Creature was observ'd by me,
In Form and Hue, resembling much a BEE ;
In Size superior far — no flow'ry Plain
This ranges o'er --- no Flower cou'd sustain
Its Weight — but, with Intention more sublime,
Sucks from the sweet PALMERA dewy Thyme ;
Large as a Sparrow, yet with farienet Wings,
Like Bee of Ours, it buzzes, crawls, and stings.

A curious Insect there its Form displays,
Whose whole Life's Compass is a Summer's Day's ;
Yet not more pleasing to the Sense or Sight,
In Summer's Season, is the Day or Night ;
With glossy Dyes its Form is sprinkled o'er,
And rich EFFLUVIA's 'rise from ev'ry Pore ;
Not more inticing is the blushing Morn,
Not fairer Hues the fairest Flowers adorn ;
Not lovelier seems the wat'ry Bow or Seem,
(When gilded by the Sun's descending Beam)
CÆRULEAN Skies--or CYNTHIA, when unshrouds
Her silver Light, and stream's thro' checquer'd
Clouds :

Yet

Yet ah, thus transitory is the State
 Of this delicious Object, this the Date;
 At Morn, a Worm; at Noon, a painted Fly!
 And when the Sun retires, 'tis doom'd to die!
 An Emblem true of Beauty and of Wit;
 Which soon to Fate must frequently submit!



The INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

I Fortun'd there an INDIAN Sage to know,
 One, who the World's Enticements cou'd forego,
 And live recluse, as did (we have been told)
 Some GRECIAN Sages in the Days of Old.

A GENIUS vast! whose penetrating View
 Cou'd pass distinctly Art and Nature thro';
 All Notions weigh'd, he treasur'd up the best,
 And all which lodg'd in his capacious Breast,
 To silent, and admiring Men exprest.

When e'er he spoke, his Eloquence divine
 Chear'd ev'ry Heart, like Fumes of richest Wine;

His

His Hearers found a Banquet of Delight,
Fixt in Attention, and as hush'd as Night.

To list'ning Men sublimest Things he taught,
And seem'd with more than human Knowledge
fraught ;

He taught -- whence universal Order springs,
What God! what Nature! what the Cause of
Things!

From what rude Source rough Whirlwinds
rushing grow !

Whence glides the Dew ! or gently falling Snow !
What Lightning's frame ! if Heav'n in Thunder
speaks,

Or but a Vapour (from a Cloud that breaks)
Is so tremendous to the Ear and Eye,
While Cold and Moist contend with Hot and Dry !
He taught -- what frames the rarest Clouds, which
soar,

Borne up by Winds -- and those more dense which
pour

Their Moisture down, on Earth their Moisture
shed,

Or resting crown th'aspiring Mountain's Head ;
How Fruits mature, how bloom the painted Flowers,
How joins the Contrast of the Sun and Showers;
While

While both uniting Benefits proceed,
 And thriving Good, each other thwarting — breed;
 What causes Air, that vital Breath provides,
 The constant Revolutions of the Tides;
 What screens the Sun, and what the Moon's
 pale Visage hides.

In northern Climes, Complexions why so fine!
 Why so discolour'd near the burning Line!
 Why Earth Air's grossest Particles enfold!
 And at vast Distance, why so pure and cold!
 On highest Hills why dwells eternal Snow!
 While Warmth's Indulgence cheers the Vales
 below!

He said — of Things this vast and various
 Scene,
 Is one combin'd and regular Machine;
 That — Nature ever at Perfection aims,
 Disorder and Indecency disclaims;
 That — all the Rules of Order must agree,
 Nothing material quite can cease to be;
 That — to be born is only to receive
 That Form, which Nature in her Course must give,
 And that to die, is only to forsake
 The Form once worn, and new Existence take;

He

He said — that all in this Machine we spy,
 Earth, Sea, and Air, — and vast Expanse of Sky,
 Are like some Structure of Mechannic Art,
 Constant the whole, but varying ev'ry Part.

What is, has been, and must again ensue ;
 Nothing in Nature is entirely New ;
 That — void of Limits is th' Ætherial Space,
 Where Worlds like ours, and numberless, have Place.

He said — the Spring of Mind, the Soul of
 Man,
 Was præ-existent e're the World began ;
 An Emanation from the Pow'r divine ;
 One Stream, or one uninterrupted Line,
 Moving and influencing still — nor shall
 Seem void, 'till Things into Confusion fall.

One God alone acknowledging — He taught,
 In Pow'r and Wisdom, him sufficient thought
 All Things to frame, and all Things to controul,
 Diffus'd thro' all the universal Soul !
 Pure Nature's Law, his never-erring Will,
 Thro' Time's whole Course, inviolable still :
 He said — all Human Passion and Design
 Are inconsistent with a Pow'r Divine ;

And

And Worship is, to Being most sublime,
 In mortal Form — a Folly and a Crime;
 Of God the just Idea thus defac'd,
 Is much — and much his Dignity debas'd;
 That God's exalted Nature is conceal'd,
 Nor further than by Nature's Works reveal'd.

His Mind, to beneficial Things apply'd,
 Nature's Productions usefully descry'd;
 All Health-restoring Herbs he rightly knew,
 Which in his small Precinct correctly grew;
 And, which, with fit Convenience, he cou'd find,
 To gratify Himself, — and Humankind!

He study'd Man, altho' from Men retir'd,
 And knew his secret Aims, as if inspir'd;
 Cou'd tell — how the Deserving may insure
 That Good supreme — all covet to procure.

Nature he said (correctly-known) requires
 To rule, but not extinguish our Desires;
 The noble Vehemence of Appetite
 To high Endeavours only can incite;
 'Tis Nature's quick'ning Spur — with feeble Aim,
 Presses Necessity! entices Fame!

Nature,

Nature, he said, is ever right, and her
 Who follow with Discretion cannot err;
 Passion and Fancy wholly to despise,
 (The Roots of Action, and of Enterprize)
 Is wrong, as wrong uncautiously t' obey;
 But Reason and Experience teach the Way
 To guide their boldest Flights, or moderate their
 Sway.

Thro' those Ideas, well compriz'd, he ran,
 To Worth and Wisdom elevating Man;
 So vast his Sense, his Knowledge, and his Mind,
 As well as furnisht, temper'd and inclin'd,
 Of human Race he seem'd th' allotted Guide,
 Monarchs to him submissively apply'd,
 And more than in their Courts were truly edify'd.

Thus, as a Trav'ler, unobstructed, may
 (When roving in an unfrequented Way)
 Climb up a Hill, and from it's lofty Rise,
 With graceful Prospects entertain his Eyes;
 With Contemplation fill his raptur'd Mind,
 Scenes various, and delectable to find;
 So — Muse! have we, with elevated Rage,
 Describe'd our INDIAN Philosophic Sage:
 Now let us from Ætherial Heights descend,
 And, with more Ease, to level Courses tend.

SOME



SOME Things, tho' seemingly severe, we find,
 In some Respects, indulgently inclin'd;
 The Rain, to Mariners tormenting, yeilds
 Useful Indulgence to the Groves and Fields;
 So — seems indulgent the TARANTALA,
 That teaches by Malignity the Way, }
 And forces to be frolicksome and gay; }
 This foreign Spider, to the Nerves and Brain
 At first infuses melancholly Pain;
 The Spirits to the lowest Ebb are brought,
 As if expended by laborious Thought;
 But when the Blood can briskly circulate,
 And th' animating Pow'rs their ruling State }
 Regain — th' infectious Qualities abate; }
 Quick Motion makes the drooping Spirits rise, }
 And thus, while Music proper Aid applies, }
 Th' incumb'ring Load, by Perspiration flies. }

What to her Young the tender Parent owes,
 On distant Lands th' indulgent POSSUM shews;
 Into her open'd Breast, surpriz'd by Fear,
 They creep — and hide, when threat'ning Danger's
 near;

The PELICAN there (generously good)
 Its craving Young feeds with its vital Blood ;
 Ev'n to th' Excess of fond Indulgence grown,
 She, to prolong their Lives, impairs her own.

The GUANA there may think itself secure,
 (That seems a CROCADILE in Miniature)
 Deep in the Ground — yet, cannot 'scape the Eyes
 Of Luxury — to which it falls a Prize ;
 In this a Capon and a Rabbet join,
 To make the Taste deliciously-fine.

The WORM compiles the silken Texture there,
 Which here augments the Graces of the Fair ;
 This Artist near as various Changes knows,
 As thro' the wild, and wily Lover goes.

The PEACOCK there expands his gaudy Train,
 Of native, not of borrow'd Glory vain ;
 There PARROTS mimic ev'ry Sound and Voice,
 Nor yet betray'd — in Liberty rejoyce,

A little while, oh Muse! forbear to roam,
 And treat of Objects at, or nearer Home ;
 Sure-footed is the GOAT, the MULE as sure,
 This heavy Burthens patiently t' endure

Is used — and over craggy Mountains goes,
 Nor Slip or Error in its Passage knows :
 This Species ever Generation finds
 Betwixt an Ass and MARE, resembling Kinds;
 But Male and Female never propagate,
 For — Nature here has circumscrib'd their State,
 In bold Excursion here she makes a Pause,
 Nor further deviates from her stated Laws.

Now let the curious POLYPEE have Place,
 Yet not as thriving by indulgent Grace;
 But, for th' amazing Qualities we find
 In this the Wonder of the reptile Kind;
 Dissect it piece-meal — then with vast Surprise
 See from each Piece — a POLYPEE arise!
 See here Destruction new Creation brings!
 And from its Death its Resurrection springs!
 Let us to BRITAIN now direct our View,
 To prove what is to Home-Indulgence due.

Oh BRITAIN ! still ungraciously inclin'd,
 Of Good receiv'd forgetfull, call to Mind,
 Thy pristine State — the conqu'ring ROMANS
 taught

Thee Dress and Manners — Sciences they brought:
 Each of thy Sons before was rude and wild
 As Savage — unexperienc'd as a Child;

And

And since, th' indulgent Grace of foreign Parts
 Has shower'd upon the Benefits and Arts :
 Now Joy and Plenty crown thy furnisht Land,
 That owns the Virtues of the Tiller's Hand ;
 So fertile now ! — what cou'd it once disclose,
 But Blackb'ries, Strawb'ries, Haws, Nutts,
 Crabbs, and Slows ?

'Tis owing much, with thy indulgent Care,
 To foreign Aid — thy Fields are now so fair,
 So neat thy Gardens ! and thy Fruits so rare !

In native BRITAIN, how indulgent Grace
 Can qualify — remark the feather'd Race ;
 Indulg'd by Warmth, the CUCKOW vaumps its Note,
 Then — like hoarse Bards, unlocks its gargled
 Throat ;

Ev'n OWLS, indulg'd by Night's protecting Shade,
 Spread horrid Hootings thro' the gloomy Glade ;
 Our BRITISH Bards, like Birds, their Notes increase,
 (Tho' some have been like Swans — and some
 are Geese)

The Household COCK instinctively can feel
 The Sun's Approach — and Break of Day reveal ;
 This Fowl (by Nature with Indulgence blest)
 Of Courage is, and Gallantry possest ;
 The LINNET sings below, the Lark to rise
 Appears by Music's Aid, and scale the Skies !

In Summer's Season, PHILOMELA's Strain
 Rings in the Grove, or echoes o'er the Plain;
 She sweetly chaunts nocturnal Carolls here,
 While to her Notes indulgent is the Year;
 But, hence, when unindulgent are the Skies,
 To some indulgent Clime the Warbler flies,
 Or, in some dark Recess, in Death-like Sleep she
 lies.

In native BRITAIN, Justice points the Way,
 To Things abhor'd, indulgent Heed to pay.

The SNAKE, in Pity to the harmless Thing
 (Tho' void of Man's, or Heaven's Indulgence) sing
 Oh gracious Muse! — 'tis free from noxious Crime,
 Yet suffers vulgar Spite, like Wit sublime;
 'Tis venomless, nor is to Man a Foe,
 Yet Man's severest Rage 'tis doom'd to know;
 And suffer like the VIPER human Hate,
 The VIPER, noxious and inveterate;
 Thus Prejudice, and Ign'rance, and Mistake,
 In Opposites can no Distinction make:
 This CHLORIS knows, who with indulgent Grace
 In her soft Bosom th' Innocent can place;
 Yet arm'd by Virtue, and experienc'd Sense,
 Can wisely keep th' invenom'd Lover thence:
 Who can suppose the inveterate ADDER good?
 And yet this Foe to Life, of pois'nous Brood,
 Dissolv'd

Diffolv'd in Broth, consumptive Ills can cure,
And make the wasting Lamp of Life endure.

The slimy sluggish **SNAIL**, that slowly crawls,
With its whole House—— and marks the shining
Walls,
In chronic Ills, t'extenuate is good
The flagging Spirits, and congealing Blood;
Internal Discord this can sooth to Peace,
Or make the languishing Distemper cease.

The weaving **SPIDER**, that with instant Gains
Rewards itself, and crowns its artful Pains,
(Its Pains, more lucky than the **POET**'s Thought)
Is less than some surmise with Venom fraught.
Of various Sorts the **MAGPY** makes its Food,
And **WREN** and **ROBIN**, frisking in the Wood,
Of these alone the speckled, black and white,
Give Cause for just Aversion, or Affright.

The crawling **TOAD**, that loathsome may appear,
Has Eyes, like beauteous Females, bright and clear;
And sometimes ('tis by Virtuoso's said)
A Pearl enriches its unseemly Head.

From

From Things which seem but Trifles to the Wise,
 Muse! turn to Things, which the Confid'rate prize;
 Behold a copious Stream serenely glides,
 And our AUGUSTA seemingly divides;
 Roars thro' its Bridge, in num'rous Arches made,
 Which Houses load, and passing Crouds invade;
 (For, elsewhere tho' to Peacefulness inclin'd,
 It rages here — obstructed and confin'd)
 It steals along, while Edifices seem,
 And waving Groves embosom'd in its Stream;
 Lo, silver THAMES these Rarities unfolds,
 Yet principally what its Surface holds,
 Our Notice claims — its Properties so fair,
 What River can with silver THAMES compare?
 Behold the floating Chests, which crown his Tide,
 With Treasures, brought from Near and Far
 supply'd!

For tho' what more indulgent Climes afford,
 BRITANNIA boasts not as her native Hoard;
 In such, tho' She defective seems — what then?
 In Strength of Ships, and Bravery of Men
 She Glorie's much — her Cannons loud Command
 From all Approaches can secure her Land;
 And while Abroad her floating Castles roam,
 She brings the Stores of ev'ry Nation — Home.



BRITAIN Epitomiz'd ;

In imitation of MILTON.



WHEN MILTON to th' Ætherial Regions
 went,
 He gave of BRITAIN this succinct
 Account:

BRITAIN has Rivers, which regale the View,
 Gliding by fairest Towns, and fertile Fields ;
 MEDWAY profound -- and SEVERN -- that supports
 Her floating Castles, fill'd with foreign Stores ;
 And winding THAMES, that shames the rapid RHINE.

Their plenteous Streams contain a various Race
 Of FISHES, pleasing to the Sight and Taste ;
 The bright-ey'd PEARCH, array'd with crimson Fins,
 The silver EEL, the CARP like burnisht Gold,
 The spotted TROUT, and gormandizing PYKE ;
 The DACE, the SOAL, the WHITING, and the
 SMELT,
 The GUDGEON, ROACH, and FLOUNDER visag'd
 'wry;

The

The bulky SALMON, like the DOLPHIN form'd,
 That Rivers haunts to propagate its Kind,
 That stems the Current of the rapid Stream,
 Or spring's in Air, surmounting the CASCADE;
 That stealing first, like Rivers from the Deep,
 Rushes like Rivers, to the Deep again:
 Of feather'd Kinds, Variety and Store
 (Some tame, some wild, resembling human Race)
 Gather, in Yards, the Gleanings of the Barn;
 Or thread the Woods, or skim the silver Lakes.

With stately CHURCHES deckt is BRITAIN'S
 Isle,
 With tow'ring Mountains --- with extended Plains,
 With beauteous Females, and with plenteous Wool;
 There Orchards glow with blushing Fruits — there
 Smile
 The Gardens, furnisht with the fairest Flowers;
 And Fields inricht with Crops of golden Corn.

The Laws of Government are equal there,
 And ev'ry Man securely holds his own;
 Nor there resides the TYRANT, or the SLAVE:
 There Plenty, Peace, and Freedom are indulg'd,
 And Nothing droops — but most ingenious Art.



FROM Objects near advent'rous Muse! again
 To Parts remote rove o'er the rowling Main;
 The liquid Space to traverse o'er prepare,
 And Acquisitions plentiful and rare
 Shall crown thy Toil, and recompense thy Care.

Around the CAPE, (where Oceans Oceans meet,
 And make the Wonders of the Deep complete;
 Where so much Room for rushing Winds is free,
 On all the GLOBE the vastest Space of SEA)
 Oft' unindulgent Elements engage,
 And there SEA-MONSTERS often sport, or rage;
 Heav'd by the Winds, enormous they arise,
 And fall like Mountains, having swept the Skies!
 There Clouds like Trunks, descending to the Main,
 Suck up the briny Moisture — which again,
 When freshen'd, falls in Show'rs of useful Rain.

There Clouds of BIRDS in various Courses fly,
 And in the clearest Day o'ercast the Sky;
 The PORPUS there ejects his gloomy Form,
 (Th' imagin'd Prophet of th' approaching Storm)
 The wat'ry LYON there, the scaly SEAL
 Thro' th' Ocean's heaving Bosom seems to steal;
 While

While with a Whirlwind's Violence and Force,
 Over the foaming Billows scours the HORSE;
 SEA-DOGS their Courses to the Surface steer,
 And lurking low, voracious SHARKS appear.

Of Objects strange behold a num'rous Store,
 Which seem as copy'd from the bord'ring Shore;
 In Form and Aspect they so much agree,
 That Earth's true Mirrour seems the bord'ring Sea:
 The SWORDFISH, and the THRASHER there assail
 The GRAMPUS, near Resemblance of the WHALE,
 Who from him spouting throws two liquid Streams,
 A ROCK, or Vessel topsiturvy seems,
 Or while the circumvolving Air he laves,
 A living Fountain, floating on the Waves;
 Him these rank Foes encounter with Disdain,
 And goad, and lash him, in the foaming Main;
 They seem th' unweildy CHAOS to despise,
 And loath him, for Deformity of Size;
 Yet tho' his sluggish Bulk Reproach may bring,
 And Sucktion feeds him, like an Infant thing;
 His Fins, his Gills, and copious Floods of Oil,
 Make him to Man a beneficial Spoil.

From Bards what strange Narrations have pre-
 vail'd,
 Of those in inland Straits, who slightly fail! Oh

Oh had the TROJAN Hero brought his Fleet,
 Where all these Wonders in Conjunction meet ;
 Where Clouds descend, tremendous Objects lour,
 And Flood and Sky exert their utmost Power ;
 He had been more astonish'd and dismay'd,
 And with more Ardour rais'd his Hands — and
 pray'd ;

But mighty POETS mighty Things relate,
 And make small Hardships, little Hazards great ;
 While of our Suff'ring what is the Reward,
 Which — greater — none so greatly can record !
 But Toils and Dangers, they must pass extream,
 So Fate ordains, whose purchase is supream !
 Not less by Verse to compass lasting Fame,
 Is hard and hazardous the POET's Aim ;
 Well to bestride the Pegasean Steed,
 With Force and Height, yet Justness to proceed,
 Fancy in all its fiery Starts to rule,
 Nor yet to Madman soar, or sink to Fool ;
 But — hold with steady Course, the golden Mean,
 Bold, and sedate ! and rapid and serene !
 Is Task like that Advent'ers, who begun
 T' explore the Western World — or his, who run
 The total Globe around, a Rival of the Sun ! }

The

The southern TROPIC passing now again,
 Norward we sail o'er the capacious Main,
 And by CEYLONA's fragrant Limits steer;
 The Liquid Mirror is sedate and clear,
 With balmy Breezes fan'd — the vanisht Sun
 O'er eastern Realms its radiant Course has run;
 Now sober Night, adorn'd with silver Rays,
 Her solemn Glories gracefully displays,
 All Heav'n serene, like Minds secure from Blame,
 No Spot appears in the cærulean Frame;
 The bending MOON divided seems to be,
 At once in Heav'n, and in the trembling Sea;
 Th' expanded Sea appears a neather Sky,
 And with the Stars the glitt'ring Fishes vye;
 The DOLPHIN seems as Lightning swift and bright,
 And draws, like shooting Stars, a Train of Light;
 Soft Gales from spicy Shores their Odours bring,
 And sweep the liquid Plain with downy Wing,
 Chearing the Scent — and the nocturnal Scene
 To the charm'd Sight is awfull as serene;
 A pleasing Melancholly now presides,
 And, like a fancy'd Ghost, the stealing Vessel glides.

Arriv'd in either INDIA — let us view
 More Things — to most in EUROPE, strange and
 new:

From

From Rivers, in or near the torrid Zone
 (Thro' long Increase of Time stupendous grown)
 The rugged ALIGATOR's Form appears,
 Half rais'd in Air — the CROCODILE up-rears }
 Its griz'ly Front — yet not dissembling Tears }
 Sheds o'er its Prey, as falsely some surmise;
 Those only flow indeed from Woman's Eyes.

In Armour scarcely penetrable They,
 With Length of Jaws, in largest Rivers prey;
 But Nature with Benevolence of Will
 Occurs to thwart their persecuting Ill;
 And for the wastefull Mischief that betides,
 Indulgent Aid, as Remedy provides;
 These hideous Things the WATER-RAT annoys,
 And th'ARMIASPIAN frequently destroys.

Th' amphib'ous Cow, or bulky MANATEE,
 There cleaves the Bosom of the foaming Sea;
 Or scuds to Shore, at Appetite's Command,
 And crops the tender Herbage of the Land;
 Rare Food is this — (if Mariners can deal
 In true Reports) — more elegant than veal.

From th' Ocean spring the little Fishes there,
 With Fins, for Pinions, cut the yeilding Air;

Chang'd

Chang'd into Birds, appear a while — and then
Seem into pristine Fishes chang'd agen.

Th' amphibious TORTOISE, there moves slowly
o'er

The rousing Flood — or scrambles on the Shore ;
The DOLPHIN thro' the liquid Region flies,
The rapid DOLPHIN, grac'd with various Dyes,
Which in full Life triumphantly prevail,
But languish as the vital Spirits fail ;
Bleeding and Dying — at Life's last Decay,
As faint as Shadows, almost pass away :
In these last two, Fish, Flesh, and Fowl unite
To please the most luxurious Appetite.

Variety, within the torrid Zone,
Of Riches and of Rarities is known ;
The restless roving Bird of PARADISE,
There takes its Period, Sustenance, and Rise ;
Plenty of Feathers, beautifully-gay,
And Length of Tail its little Form array ;
Hither and thither, by the wafting Winds
Hurry'd — aloft its Nutriment it finds ;
Legless and Wingless — to some Nook convey'd,
It starves, and dies, from all Support betray'd :

H

There

There the CAMELION feeds on purest Air,
 Sustains its Frame most exquisitely rare ;
 It takes from Herbs and Flow'rs contingent Dyes,
 And chearing Banquets ev'ry Breeze supplies :
 There Pearls in th' Ocean's briny Bosom dwell,
 Lockt in the Fortrefs of the fishy Shell ;
 There AMBERGREASE, like trading Vessels free,
 Floats on the Surface of the briny Sea ;
 While modest CORAL, branching, grows conceal'd,
 And deeply blushes, when to Sight reveal'd .

The SEA call'd RED, from th' INDIAN Ocean
 grows,
 Its liquid Branch — like Rivers, ebbs and flows ;
 And gently moving with revolving Tides,
 Th' ÆGYPTIAN and ARABIAN Lands divides ;
 Upon its Verge the Fancy Nature courts,
 While in a Stone, in Miniature, she sports ;
 A Tree, or Flow'r, or flying Bird portrays,
 And seems to share th' engraving Artist's Praise.

There lies in Quarries, AGATE pale and clear,
 Complexion'd like the courtly Ladies here ;
 Thence is extracted AMBER clear and brown,
 Like healthy British MAID, in rural Town ;

And

and

